

Saturday Magazine.

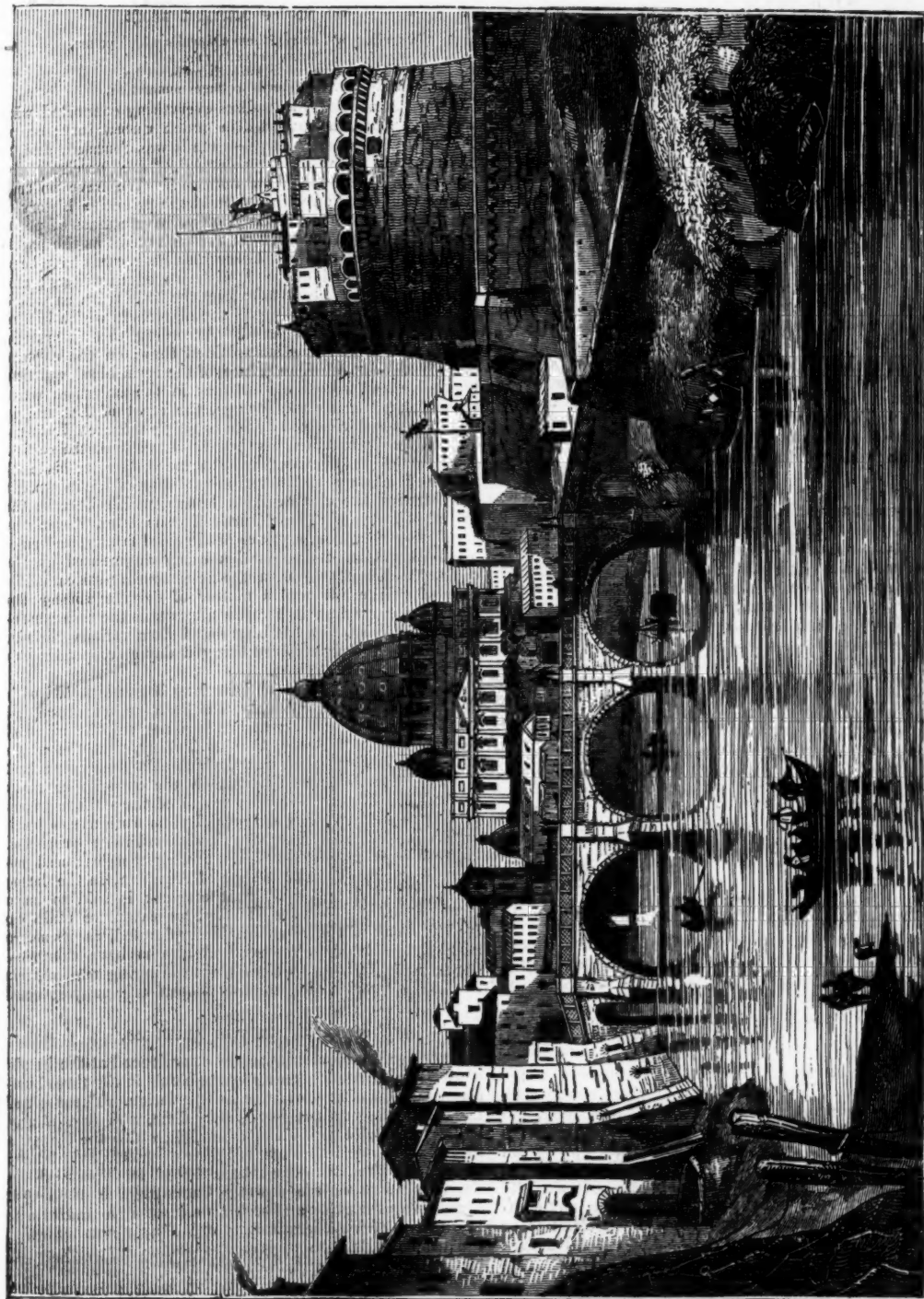


No 272. SUPPLEMENT,

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



ROME—THE TIBER, BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, AND ST. PETER'S.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF ROME.

PART THE FIRST.

Thou stranger which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
These same old walls, old arches, which thou seest,
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.

Behold what wreck, what ruin, and what waste,
And how that she which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herself at last,
The prey of Time, which all things doth devour.

Rome now of Rome is th' only funeral,
And only Rome, of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber, hast'ning to his fall
Remains of all: O World's inconstancy!
That which is firm, doth flit and fall away;
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

SPENSER'S *Ruines of Rome*.

It is quite unnecessary for our purpose to examine minutely into the sources of that interest with which all civilized men have for ages been accustomed to regard "the great Queen of Earth, Imperial Rome." That, to use the words of the Rev. Dr. Burton, there is something in its past and present state, which excites a peculiar interest, we may, perhaps, say a peculiar enthusiasm, in those who read any account of it, seems unquestionably true. "Even those who have not read at all know, perhaps, more of the Romans than of any other nation which has figured in the world. If we prefer modern history to ancient, we still find Rome in every page; and if we look with composure upon an event so antiquated as the fall of the Roman Empire, we cannot, as Englishmen, or as Protestants, contemplate with indifference the second empire which Rome erected over the minds and consciences of men. Without making any invidious allusion, we may say that this second empire has nearly passed away. So that, in both points of view, we have former recollections to excite our curiosity."

The attractions of Rome, however, are not for the moralist alone; it offers to the antiquary an almost boundless field whereon to exercise his skill, and to the lover of the arts in their several varieties an unequalled concentration of some of their noblest monuments. The scenery, too, is picturesque,—possessing charms which in any climate might become a theme of praise, and which, under "the deep blue sky of Rome," excite a double share of admiration. "But not the superb structures of the modern town," says a classical enthusiast (Sir John Hobhouse), "nor the happy climate, have made Rome the country of every man, and 'the city of the soul.' The education which has qualified the traveller of every nation for that citizenship which is again become, in one point of view, what it once was, the portion of the whole civilized world, prepares for him at Rome enjoyments independent of the city and inhabitants about him, and of all the allurements of site and climate. He will have already peopled the banks of the Tiber with the shades of Pompey, Constantine, and Belisarius, and the other heroes of the Milvian bridge. The first footstep within the venerable walls will have shown him the name and magnificence of Augustus, and the three long narrow streets branching from the obelisk in the centre of the *Piazza del Popolo*, like the theatre of Palladio, will have imposed upon his fancy with an air of antiquity congenial to the soil. Even the mendicants of the country, asking alms in Latin prayers, and the vineyard-gates of the suburbs, inscribed with the ancient language, may be allowed to contribute to the agreeable delusion."

Of the local sanctity which belongs to Athens, Rome, and Constantinople, the first two may be thought to possess perhaps an equal share; the latter is attractive chiefly for that site which was chosen for the retreat, and became the grave, of empire. The Greek capital may be more precious in the eyes of the artist, and it may be of the scholar, but yields to the magnitude, the grandeur, and the variety of the Roman relics. The robe of the Orientals has spread round Athens an air of antique preservation, which the European city and the concourse of strangers have partially dispelled from Rome; but the required solitude may occasionally be found amongst the vaults of the Palatine or the columns of the great Forum itself. Ancient and modern Rome are linked together like the dead and living criminals of Mezentius. The present town may be easily forgotten amidst the wrecks of the ancient metropolis; and a specta-

tor on the tower of the Capitol may turn from the carnival throngs of the Corso, to the contiguous fragments of the old city, and not behold a single human being. The general effect of such a prospect may be felt by any one; and ignorance may be consoled by hearing that a detailed examination must be made the study rather of a life than of a casual visit."

ORIGIN OF ANCIENT ROME.

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soil;
And these brave palaces which maistred be
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages somewhere.

THE origin of Rome, as well as everything connected with its early state, is involved in much uncertainty; or, as Niebuhr peremptorily says,—when it was founded, and to what people it originally belonged, "are precisely the matters of which we know nothing." We have no true narrative of facts on which to build the primitive history of the Eternal City; but in its place we have a mass of popular traditions, entitled to about as much credit as the poetic fictions of remoter days. These fabulous records have been keenly investigated by distinguished modern writers; and some have endeavoured to extract the little truth on which they are based, by omitting all the marvels in which it may seem to have been obscured. According to this system, the foundation of Rome is explained thus: on the capture of Troy, Æneas, a Trojan prince, of the royal blood, quitting his native land to seek his fortunes in the unknown west, reached, after many wanderings, the coast of Latium, in Italy; was well received by the reigning monarch, Latinus, and eventually obtained his throne. Lavinium, the capital of the united people, was founded three years after his landing; and, thirty years after the foundation of Lavinium, his son founded the city of Alba Longa, which became the capital of Latium. Three hundred years later, Rome was founded by Romulus, a prince of the royal family, and colonized from Alba, its population being augmented by the outlaws and criminals from the neighbouring states. The date of this event was a matter of dispute among the Roman antiquaries; it became afterwards the commencement of an era which has been dated from various periods, the most commonly received being a day corresponding to the 21st of April, 753 B.C.

Of the Seven Hills which have long been identified with the name of Rome, one only, the Palatine, was occupied by the city of Romulus; and it was not till the reign of the sixth king of Rome, Servius Tullius, that the whole were included within the walls, which also then comprised a part of the Janiculate mount on the opposite or right bank of the Tiber. Several remains of the walls ascribed to this period are yet visible; and thus antiquaries have been enabled to fix their circuit with tolerable precision. It is reckoned at between seven and eight miles; and remained unaltered until the time of Aurelian, in the latter half of the third century. That emperor is said to have first enclosed the Campus Martius, an extensive plain on the left bank of the river, originally devoted, as its name implies, to warlike exercises, and also to have extended the walls on the north and east, thus bringing within their circuit the Pincian hill, which had been originally covered with gardens.

ROME UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

THE first calamity which the city experienced at the hands of an enemy was its burning by the Gauls in the three hundred and sixty-fifth year after its foundation. The work of the barbarians was not negligently done, and few, if any edifices but those on the Capitoline hill, which the Romans still retained, could have escaped their destructive vigilance; indeed, as soon as they had been forced to depart by the timely succour of the dictator Camillus, the wisdom of abandoning the ruins and seeking a more agreeable abode in the city of Veii, was warmly urged by the tribunes to the people. But the project was as warmly opposed by Camillus; and his opposition, backed by a fortunate omen, was attended with success. The vacant space of the old city was quickly covered with new buildings, facilities for

their construction being afforded by the government, and security at the same time taken for their completion within the same year. But, like our ancestors after the great fire of London, the Romans, upon this occasion, were in too great a hurry to think of order or regularity; the city was thus rebuilt without reference to any plan, no care being taken to form the streets in straight lines. "This is the reason" says Livy, "that the ancient sewers, which at first were carried through the public way, now pass under private houses in every direction."

Although this burning of the city inflicted an irreparable injury in the destruction of the few public records which the Romans then possessed, we have no reason to believe that it was accompanied by any losses which a lover of the arts should mourn. "The Romans," remarks Dr. Burton, "were not naturally a people of taste. They never excelled in the fine arts, and their own writers invariably allow, that they were indebted to Greece for everything which was elegant in the arts." Additional reasons have been assigned for the paucity of the architectural monuments which decorated Rome in the days of the Republic. The first is found in the nature of the Consular government, which assigned to the power of its officers a duration too short to permit the execution of works of magnitude; a second may be sought in the arduous wars which so constantly occupied the whole energies and attention of the State as scarcely to allow a breathing-time for the arts to adorn and embellish the city. We must recollect that from the reign of Numa, the second king, till after the battle of Actium, which established the supreme power of Augustus, — a period of nearly six centuries and a half, — the Temple of Janus, that symbol of peace and war, was shut but once.

It is possible, that during the three hundred and fifty years which elapsed, from the Gallic invasion till the reign of Augustus, many magnificent temples and other public buildings may have been erected; but we have no evidence that such was the case, and the few facts which we are enabled to glean from the pages of ancient writers are scarcely favourable to the supposition. The commencement of the age of Roman luxury is generally dated from the year 146 B. C., when the fall of Carthage and of Corinth elevated the power of the Republic to a conspicuous height. Yet, more than fifty years afterwards, no marble columns had been introduced into any public building; and the example of using them as decorations of private houses was set by the orator Crassus in the beginning of the first century before the Christian era.

ROME UNDER THE EARLY EMPERORS.

"It is natural to suppose that the greatest number as well as the most considerable of the Roman edifices were raised by the emperors, who possessed so unbounded a command both of men and money." The splendour of the city must be dated from the age of Augustus. Before the reign of that emperor, as his biographer tells us, it was not adorned in a manner becoming the greatness of the empire, but at his hands it underwent such improvement as enabled him with justice to boast, "that the city which he had found of brick, he had left of marble." The names (and in too many instances, only the names) of numerous edifices which are ascribed to the taste and munificence of Augustus, have reached our own times; we have learnt also that he restored the temples which had fallen from age or been consumed by fire, and displayed an almost excessive generosity in decorating them with the richest gifts.

Nor was the emperor content with his own immediate labours; at his instigation and encouragement, many private individuals contributed to the embellishment of the capital by the erection of new buildings, or the repair and improvement of others already existing. The majestic structure styled the *Pantheon*, — one of the wonders of ancient Rome, and the most perfect of its remains at the present day, — was the work of his relative and intimate counsellor, Agrippa; and though the greatest, it was by no means the only work of that celebrated person. The precautionary measures adopted by Augustus for the preservation of the city from the accidents of nature, are equally deserving of praise. To restrain the inundations of the Tiber, which had become narrowed in its channel by the gradual accumulation of rubbish and fallen buildings, he cleansed and enlarged its bed; while, as a check upon the recurrence of those calamities to which the city had so often been subjected from fire, he devised a system of careful watching by day and night.

His immediate successors, Tiberius, and Caligula, dis-

played as little anxiety to imitate the founder of the empire in the improvement of the city, as in the government of the state; but under Claudius some works of magnitude and utility were completed. The name of Nero, the sixth and last of the Cæsars, (properly so called,) is inseparably associated with that memorable conflagration — "the guilt or misfortune of his reign" — which raged beyond the memory or example of former ages. The numberless buildings which were crowded in the close and crooked streets, afforded a constant supply of fuel; and the fury of the flames was not exhausted until the lapse of six or nine days. "The monuments of Grecian art and of Roman virtue, the trophies of the Punic and Gallic wars, the most holy temples, and the most splendid palaces, were involved in one common destruction." Of the fourteen regions into which the city had been divided by Augustus, four alone remained entire; three, to use the language of Tacitus, were levelled with the ground, and in the remaining seven, there were but scanty relics, lacerated and half burnt. The popular voice accused the emperor himself as the author of this calamity; and it was currently reported and believed, that dressed in his scenic garb, he enjoyed from a lofty turret the prospect of the flames, and amused himself with singing to his lyre the destruction of ancient Troy.

The age, however, was one of prosperity, and "in the full meridian of empire the metropolis arose with fresh beauty from her ashes; yet the memory of the old deplored their irreparable losses, the arts of Greece, the trophies of victory, the monuments of primitive or fabulous antiquity." Subsequent emperors were careful of its improvement. "The strict economy of Vespasian was the source of his magnificence. The works of Trajan bear the stamp of his genius. The public monuments with which Hadrian adorned every province of his empire were executed not only by his orders, but under his immediate inspection. He was himself an artist; and he loved the arts as they conduced to the glory of the monarch. They were encouraged by the Antonines as they contributed to the happiness of the people." In the prosecution of these works the emperors were eagerly imitated by their principal subjects; for the opulent senators of Rome deemed it an honour and almost an obligation to contribute to the splendour of their age and country.

The buildings thus erected, whether at the cost of individuals or with the treasures of the emperor, are rendered more interesting by this circumstance, that almost all of them were intended for the public use and enjoyment. "It was in works of national honour and benefit, that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence. The golden palace of Nero excited a just indignation, but the vast extent of ground which had been usurped by his selfish luxury, was more nobly filled under the succeeding reigns by the Coliseum, the baths of Titus, the Claudian portico, and the temples dedicated to the goddess of Peace, and to the genius of Rome. These monuments of architecture, the property of the Roman people, were adorned with the most beautiful productions of Grecian painting and sculpture. All the other quarters of the capital, and all the provinces of the empire, were embellished by the same liberal spirit of public magnificence, and were filled with amphitheatres, theatres, temples, porticoes, triumphal arches, baths, and aqueducts, all variously conducive to the health, the devotion, and the pleasures of the meanest citizen."

The arts of luxury kept pace with the increasing splendour of the metropolis; the wealth of individuals is frequently said to have reached an extent scarcely credible even in our own days. The mass of treasure always existing at Rome, either in the current coin of the empire, or in the form of gold and silver plate, must have been considerable; and it is remarked on the authority of the elder Pliny, that in his time (about the middle of the first century) there were many sideboards which contained more solid gold than had been transported by Scipio from vanquished Carthage. But the greater part of the Roman nobles dissipated their fortunes in profuse luxury, and "found themselves poor in the midst of wealth." They were destitute too, in common with their humbler fellow-citizens, of many of those conveniences of life which the progress of industry has created; and the plenty of glass and linen, as has been well observed, has diffused more real comforts among the modern nations of Europe, than the senators of Rome could derive from all the refinements of pompous or sensual luxury. It is somewhat amusing to us, when we reflect

upon the extent and greatness of the Roman empire, to bear in mind, as the learned and witty Dr. Arbuthnot has remarked, "that the polite Augustus had neither a shirt to his back nor glass to his windows."

ROME IN THE DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE.

A DESCRIPTION of Rome composed under the reign of the emperor Theodosius, (who died in the year 395,) states the total number of houses in the fourteen regions of the city to be 48,382. These are divided into two classes, the *domus*, or great houses, which comprised the mansions of the great; and the *insula*, or plebeian dwellings, the different floors and apartments of which were divided among several families. These two classes include all the habitations of the capital of every rank and condition, "from the marble palace of the Anicii, with a numerous establishment of freedmen and slaves, to the lofty and narrow lodging-house, where the poet Codrus and his wife were permitted to hire a wretched garret immediately under the tiles." The number of the *insula* is given at 46,602; they were buildings of large extent and of high value.

The remaining 1780 houses were *domus*, or the residences of wealthy and honourable citizens. Many of these stately mansions might almost excuse the exaggeration of the poet,—that Rome contained a multitude of palaces, and that each palace was equal to a city; since it included within its own precincts everything which could be subservient either to use or luxury,—markets, hippodromes, temples, fountains, baths, porticoes, shady groves, and artificial aviaries. An historian who has left us, in an extant fragment, a curious account of Rome in the reign of Honorius, that is to say, about the beginning of the fifth century, observes that several of the richest senators received from their estates an annual income of four thousand pounds of gold, a treasure which in our days might be reckoned nearly equivalent to the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling; without computing the stated provision of corn and wine, which, had they been sold, must have equalled in value one-third of the money. Compared to this immoderate wealth, an ordinary revenue of a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of gold might be considered as no more than adequate to the dignity of the senatorial rank, which involved many expenses of a public and ostentatious kind. Several examples are recorded in the age of Honorius, of vain and popular nobles, who celebrated the year of their praetorship by a festival which lasted seven days, and cost upwards of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. To account for this excessive wealth, we must bear in mind that the estates of the Roman senators were not confined to the limits of Italy, but often extended to the most distant provinces; or as is observed by the philosopher Seneca, that the rivers which had divided hostile nations, now flowed through the lands of private citizens.

The following description of the manners of the Roman nobles towards the close of the fourth century, is derived from the materials supplied by a contemporary writer. "Their long robes of silk purple float in the wind, and as they are agitated, by art or accident, they occasionally discover the under-garments, the rich tunics, embroidered with the figures of various animals. Followed by a train of fifty servants, and tearing up the pavement, they move along the street with the same impetuous speed, as if they travelled with post-horses; and the example of the senators is boldly imitated by the matrons and ladies, whose covered-carriages are continually driving round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume, on their entrance, a tone of loud and insolent command, and appropriate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. As soon as they have indulged themselves in the refreshments of the bath, they resume their rings, and the other ensigns of their dignity; select from their private wardrobe of the finest linen, such as might suffice for a dozen persons, the garments the most agreeable to their fancy, and maintain till their departure the same haughty demeanour, which, perhaps, might have been excused in the great Marcellus, after the conquest of Syracuse. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake more arduous achievements; they visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves, by the toil of servile hands, the amusements of the chase. If at any time, but more especially on a hot day, they have courage to sail, on their painted galleys, from the Lucrine

Lake to their elegant villas on the sea-coast of Puteoli and Cayeta, they compare their own expeditions to the marches of Cæsar and Alexander. Yet should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas; should a sun-beam penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink, they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament, in affected language, that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness."

Such was the condition of Rome at the period of the Gothic invasion under Alaric; the calamities which the city then suffered at the hands of the barbarians, were but the first of a long train of evils which continued to afflict it throughout many centuries, and which gradually reduced it to a state of ruin and comparative desolation.

THE CAMPAGNA.

..... All is still as night,
All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismembered giant.

THE *Campagna di Roma* is the name given to the most southern division of the Papal States, corresponding in a great measure to the ancient Latium, that is to say, the more extended district so called in the later geography of Italy. Its limits are the Tiber on the north-west, the Anio or Teverone on the north, the Apennines on the east, and on the south and west the Mediterranean. Its length from the mouth of the Tiber in the north, to the town of Terracina in the south, is rather more than sixty miles, and its greatest breadth from the Apennines to the sea about forty-five. It is at the northern extremity of this province, that Rome is seated upon the banks of the Tiber, at the distance of about fourteen miles from the sea. A part of the Campagna consists of high ground, and the remaining portion of lowlands; it is to the latter that the name is usually applied in the popular sense by travellers, who seem also to include under the same designation, a part of the country on the opposite or right bank of the Tiber, through which they pass in approaching the city, but which belongs, in fact, to a different province. In this signification, however, we must use it for our present purpose.

The country surrounding Rome has been frequently spoken of as a dead flat; but no description can be more incorrect. The name Campagna is calculated to excite the idea of a level plain, and seems to have misled the poet Spenser, when he says

That same is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this world's pride once was situate.

It is, on the contrary, generally composed of undulating ground, interspersed with broken hillocks, steep banks covered with wild shrubby oakwood, or lonely flat-topped pine-trees. It is thus described by the author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, as it appears in approaching Rome. "Over this wild waste no rural dwelling, nor scattered hamlets, nor fields, nor gardens, such as usually mark the approach to a populous city, were to be seen; all was ruin; fallen monuments of Roman days, gray towers of Gothic times, abandoned habitations of modern years, alone meet the eye. No trace of man appeared, except in the lonely tomb which told us he had been. Rome herself was all that we beheld; she stood alone in the wilderness as in the world, surrounded by a desert of her own creation, a desert which accords but too well with her former greatness and her present decay. It may, perhaps, be soothing to the contemplation of the traveller, or the fancy of the poet, to see the once beautiful Campagna di Roma abandoned to the wild luxuriance of nature, and covered only with the defaced tombs of her tyrants, and the scarce visible remains of the villas of her senators; but it is melancholy to reason and humanity to behold an immense tract of fertile land, in the immediate vicinity of one of the greatest cities of the world, pestilent with disease and death; and to know that, like a devouring grave, it annually ingulfs all of human kind that toil upon its surface. The unfortunate labourers employed in the scanty cultivation occasionally given to the soil to enable it to produce pasture for cattle, generally fall victims to the baneful climate. Amidst the fearful loneliness and stillness of this scene of desolation, as we advanced through

the long dreary tract that divided us from Rome, a few wretched peasants, whose looks bespoke them victims of slow consuming disease, occasionally reminded us of the tremendous ravage of human life which this invisible and mysterious power is annually making."

This description, however, in all its force, must be regarded as applicable only throughout a portion of the year; "in the Winter and early part of the Spring you see fields and pastures decked in all the luxury of a spontaneous vegetation, numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep grazing on the rich grass; but as soon as the hot season comes, a sudden change takes place in the appearance of the country, vegetation ceases, first a yellow, then a gray tinge covers the ground,—the dusty soil looks as if it were calcined by fire, the cattle migrate to the mountains, and the inhabitants disperse." Although the land is not inhabited, it is cultivated by bands of labourers from the city or the high grounds; and to this system of cultivation may be traced many of the diseases which are commonly ascribed to the *malaria*, whose reputation is established throughout the whole of the Campagna.

"The labourers who till the soil," says Sir William Gell, "are already fatigued before the commencement of the labours of the day; for, residing chiefly at Rome, they have, in the first instance, to walk, perhaps, to a considerable distance before they can arrive at the scene of their daily labour; they toil all day under a burning sun; their meals are scanty, and, returning to the city and throwing themselves down upon the pavement of the streets, in the lowest part of the city near the Temple of Vesta, they are at night exposed to the baneful influence of the fogs and damps arising from the adjacent Tiber." Parts of the Campagna are bare and white; these are called *sofatura*, exhaling a strong smell of the gas called sulphuretted hydrogen.

The unhealthiness and depopulation of the Campagna is often but incorrectly spoken of as the result of the misgovernment of modern times; for Cicero himself commends the happy choice which Romulus made of a site for his city in selecting "a salubrious spot in a pestilential region." Yet the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome was at one time inhabited; "wherever a bank of earth above the general level breaks down by any accident," says Simond, "foundations of buildings, mosaic fragments of chiselled marble are discovered. Not a spot of the desert but appears to have been inhabited; and this alone can account for the millions of the population of Rome, which, in fact, spread much beyond its walls."

THE TIBER.

"The Tiber," says Dr. Burton, "is a stream of which classical recollections are apt to raise too favourable anticipations. When we think of the fleets of the capital of the world sailing up it, and pouring in the treasures of tributary kingdoms, we are likely to attach to it ideas of grandeur and magnificence. But if we come to the Tiber with such expectations, our disappointment will be great."

The breadth of the river at the bridge of St. Angelo, (seen in our engraving in page 121,) is about 315 feet; and where the stream is divided by the island it may be 450. In point of width, then, it may claim a respectable rank, though it can by no means be called a large river, and still less be deemed entitled to the extravagant praise which Sir John Hobhouse has bestowed upon it. "Arrived at the bank of the Tiber," he says, speaking of the traveller's approach to Rome from the north across the Ponte Molle, "he does not find the muddy insignificant stream which the disappointments of overheated expectations have described it, but one of the finest rivers of Europe, now rolling through a vale of gardens, and now sweeping the base of swelling acclivities, clothed with wood, and crowned with villas and their ever-green shrubberies."

The Tiber is scarcely navigable even below Rome, owing to the frequent shoals which impede its course. A steam-boat, which plies between the capital and Fiumicino, a distance of about sixteen miles, is generally five or six hours in making the passage; indeed, we are told that without the aid of buffaloes, which are put to it, it would occasionally be very likely to ground till the next rainy season. Ordinary vessels are three days in making their way up the Tiber to Rome, being towed up always by buffaloes. Genuese feluccas ascend in this way, laden with corn; they return with cargoes of rags, used as manure for orange-trees, and the stone called *puzzolana*, which,

says Simond, constitute the principal exports from Rome, besides indulgences. The velocity of its current may be estimated from the fact that it deposits its coarser gravel thirty miles above the city, and its finer at twelve; it thence pursues its course to the sea, charged only with a fine yellowish sand, imparting to its waters that peculiar colour which poets style golden, and travellers muddy. Yet these waters enjoyed at one time a high reputation for sweetness and salubrious qualities; Pope Paul the Third invariably carried a supply of the water of the Tiber with him on his longest journeys; and his predecessor Clement the Seventh was similarly provided by order of his physician, when he repaired to Marseilles to celebrate the marriage of his niece Catherine de' Medici, with the brother of the Dauphin afterwards Henry the Second of France.

The Tiber is very subject to floods, which swell its stream and increase the velocity of its current; the lower parts of the city are thus frequently overflowed. Simond, writing from Rome, in January, 1818, says, "The Tiber has been very high, and the lower parts of the town under water; yet this is nothing compared with the inundations recorded on two pillars at the port of Ripetta, (a sort of landing-place.) The mark on one of them is full eighteen feet above the level of the adjoining streets, and, considering the rapidity of the stream, a great part of the city must then have been in imminent danger of being swept away." In 1819 the Pantheon was flooded; but this is not an uncommon event, as it stands near the river, and the drain which should carry off the rain-water that falls through the aperture in the top, communicates with the stream.

The inundations of the Tiber, indeed, are one of the causes which combined to destroy so many of the monuments of Rome during the Middle Ages; there is one recorded in 1345, among the afflictions of the times, when only the summits of the hills were above the water, and the lower grounds were converted into a lake for the space of eight days. Several floods are mentioned by the ancient writers; and Tacitus speaks of a project which was debated in the senate, A.D. 15, for diverting some of the streams running into the Tiber, but which was not carried into execution in consequence of the petitions of various towns, who, sent deputies to oppose it, partly on the ground of their local interests being affected, and partly from a feeling of superstition which emboldened them to urge that "Nature had assigned to rivers their proper courses," and other reasons of a similar nature. Aurelian endeavoured to put an effectual stop to the calamities which sprung from the lawless river, by raising its banks and clearing its channel. However, the deposits resulting from these frequent inundations have contributed greatly to that vast accumulation of soil which has raised the surface of modern Rome so many feet above the ancient level; and thus the evil itself has occasioned a remedy to a partial extent. Still, although the modern city is less accessible to the attacks of the river, the floods are a source of unhealthiness to those parts to which they extend; after the waters have retired, the cellars and ground-floors are covered with the slimy deposit, and the walls are almost saturated with the moisture. After the inundation which took place in 1702, and which is described as having been a serious one, the Pope's physician obtained an order to have the slime removed from the cellars and floors that had been laid under water; and the consequence was that intermittent fevers became less frequent for some years than they had been before.

THE APPROACH FROM FLORENCE.

It is in this direction that most travellers visiting Rome make their approach to it, and that most of them experience that disappointment which has become nearly proverbial. Taking upon trust the descriptions of poets, and yielding too implicitly to the suggestions of imagination, they anxiously await the happy moment in which "the Queen of Cities, throned upon her Seven Hills in marble majesty, the mistress of a world, conquered by the valour of her sons," shall reveal herself in all her greatness to their delighted gaze; and, unfortunately, that moment never arrives. The spot at which the city first becomes visible is the Monte Lungo, a height near Baccano, from the top of which the dome of St. Peter's may just be seen; it seems but a speck in the distant horizon, and as the traveller advances, is snatched from his view by intervening hills. Having caught this first glance, "he hopes," says Sir John Hobhouse, "that the remaining fifteen miles may furnish him at every other step with some sign of his vic-

nity to Rome; he palpitates with expectation, and gazes eagerly on the open undulating dells and plains, fearful lest a fragment of an aqueduct, a column, or an arch, should escape his notice. Gibbets, garnished with black withered limbs, and a monk in a vetturino's chaise, may remind him that he is approaching the modern capital; but he descends into alternate hollows, and winds up hill after hill, with nothing to observe except the incorrectness of the last book of travels, which will have talked to him of the flat, bare, dreary waste he has to pass over before arriving at the Eternal city."

When he comes within five or six miles of Rome, the downs which he has passed after leaving Baccano, sink into green shrubby dells, and the cupolas of the city may once more be descried. As he advances still nearer, the country again improves in appearance, affording some fine views of the distant plain of the Tiber, with a foreground of rugged cork-trees and bushes of ilex, broken ground, and woody hollows. The Monte Mario stretches forward its high woody platform on the right, to the left the plain is closed by the Tiburtine and Alban hills, and, in the midst, Rome herself, wide-spreading from the Vatican to the pine-covered Pincian, is seen at intervals, so far apart as to appear more than a single city. When within three miles, the attention of the traveller is attracted to a large sarcophagus, raised on a ruined base of masonry, which the hardihood of topographers has persisted in styling "the Tomb of Nero," in spite of another man's name cut legibly upon it. Scarcely one mile further and he reaches the Tiber, rolling its muddy waters in silence between deserted banks; and, crossing by the *Ponte Molle*, a modern bridge of four arches, resting upon the ancient foundations of the *Pons Milvius*, he sees directly before him, at the end of a vista two miles in length, the gate which is to admit him within the walls. He traverses the intervening suburb by a fine road with a wide pavement, passing between the walls of vineyards and orchards, with here and there neat summer-houses or arched gateways rising on either hand, and becoming more frequent with the nearer approach to the city, and, entering by the *Porta del Popolo*, which is the modern substitute for the ancient Flaminian gate, he at once finds himself in Rome.

THE APPROACH FROM NAPLES.

..... In the midst
A city stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross; but they that issue forth
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
And on the road where once we might have met
Cæsar and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet none else the pilgrim and the beggar.

The approach to Rome, in the direction of Naples, is incomparably superior to that on the Florence side, and ought to be chosen by all travellers who wish their classical enthusiasm to be raised by a first view. The desolation of the Campagna is more extensive and more complete; the scene is impressed with a mournful solemnity, which strikes with redoubled force upon the traveller who has but just escaped from the gaiety and tumult of the Neapolitan capital. For several miles the road is strewn with ruins, some presenting considerable fragments, others discernible only by the inequalities in the surface; "it seems as if the cultivators of the soil had not dared to profane the relics of their ancestors;" and from the sea on the left to the Apennines on the right, the eye of the beholder meets with nothing but the scattered memorials of decayed grandeur. His mind is irresistibly carried back to the days of the Republic, by the lines of aqueducts which rise above the other ruins, their long arms stretching out in various directions, and the continuity of their arches occasionally interrupted by a breach, as if to heighten the effect of the picture. "In short, in travelling the last twelve miles on this road, the mind may indulge in every reflection upon Roman history, and find the surrounding scenery in unison." In this direction too the traveller will enjoy, what he in vain seeks to obtain in the approach on the opposite side, a general view of the city. Its domes and cupolas will appear more numerous than when seen from any other quarter; and even some of the ancient buildings will be comprised in the view. Yet with the city thus before his eyes, he will perform the last half-day's journey in the midst of a death-like stillness; so little frequented indeed is the road on this side, that he will scarcely meet with a human being. By this route too he will enter Rome in the

quarter most favourable to the impressions which the approach has created; for, when even within the gates, he will traverse a wide extent of ruins and gardens, before he reaches the habitable region of the modern city, passing on his way the Coliseum*, the Capitol, the Forum, and many other sites and objects whose names are indelibly stamped upon the mind of every man who was once

A school-boy on his bench at early dawn,
Glowing with Roman story.

"Such," we say, in the words of Dr. Burton, "is the entrance to Rome from the side of Naples, the sublimity of which exceeds anything that Italy can produce, and of which no description can be exaggerated."

THE SEVEN HILLS.

But I will sing above all monuments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's seven wonderments.
..... these seven hills which be now,
Tombs of her greatness, which did threat the skies.

SPENSER.

MODERN Rome can scarcely be said to rest upon the seven-hilled base of the ancient city; scarcely two-thirds of the space within the present walls are now inhabited, and the most thickly-peopled district is comprised within what was anciently the open plain of the Campus Martius. On the other hand, the most populous part of the ancient Rome is now but a landscape; it would almost seem, indeed, as if the city had slipped off its seven hills into the plain beneath. A remarkable change too has taken place in the surface of the site itself; in the valleys the ground has been raised not less than fourteen or fifteen feet; this is strikingly observable in the Forum, where there has been a great rise above the ancient level, owing partly to the accumulation of soil and rubbish brought down by the rains, but chiefly, as there is reason to believe, to that occasioned by the demolition of ancient buildings, and the practice which prevailed of erecting new structures upon the prostrate ruins. The portico of the Pantheon, in the Campus Martius, was formerly ascended by seven steps, only two of which now remain above the surface; this is a trifling elevation when compared with the increase in the Forum and other parts of the ancient city, but it is remarkable as being almost entirely the gradual work of time and nature, unaided by the hostile attacks of the barbarians, or the domestic violence of the Romans themselves.

Dr. Burton recommends the traveller who wishes to survey the seven hills at one view, to ascend to the top of the Palazzo Senatorio, (or Palace of the Senator,) in the Capitol. "He will here command a prospect which surpasses in interest anything that the world can furnish. The natural features of the country are themselves beautiful, and if nothing was known of the history of Rome, the ruins would still rivet his attention." The Seven Hills are distinctly discernible, but their boundaries are not so marked now as they were formerly, owing to the accumulations of soil before mentioned in the valleys. From this spot the spectator will observe at once, that Rome does not now occupy exactly the same ground which it did formerly; it has, in fact, travelled northward, and the Campus Martius, which, in the time of Augustus, was an open space, contains the most populous part of the modern city. Of the Seven Hills, the Capitoline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, are still partially occupied with modern buildings; the Esquiline, the Cælian, and the Aventine, are for the most part covered with gardens. Indeed the latter two seem rather to belong to a country deserted by its inhabitants than to form part of the area enclosed within the walls of a city. The Aventine never was much built upon. Virgil has imparted to it a poetic interest, by placing in it the den of Cæcus, a sort of human monster, who used to steal the cattle of the neighbourhood, and whom it was one of the labours of Hercules to discover and punish. This cave, says a modern writer, "we are gravely informed, is still extant on the steep side of the Aventine, that overhangs the Tiber; and some of our active friends scrambled about in search of it among the thorns and brushwood that fringe its perpendicular bank, at the imminent peril of breaking their necks, and to the actual demolition of their clothes; but though they found holes in abundance, they never met with any that could contain a single ox, or that by any stretch of courtesy could be dignified with the name of a cave, so that the abode of Cæcus, as far as I know, remains undiscovered to this day."

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 98.

The desolation of the Palatine is one of the most remarkable features of Rome. "This mount," says Mr. Forsyth, which originally contained all the Romans, and was afterwards insufficient to accommodate one tyrant, is inhabited only by a few friars. I have gone over the whole hill, and not seen six human beings on a surface which was once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy. Raphael's villa, the Farnesian summer-house, Michael Angelo's aviaries, are all falling into the same desolation as the imperial palace, which fringes the mount with its broken arches." But we shall speak of these ruins at more length hereafter.

WALLS AND GATES.

The circuit of the present walls of Rome corresponds very nearly to that of the walls of Aurelian, although but little of that emperor's work is now standing. Sir John Hobhouse walked round them in three hours, thirty-three minutes, and three quarters; and estimating his progress at three and a half miles per hour, the result will give a measurement of twelve miles and a quarter, which he thinks a fair one. Dr. Burton performed the same feat in three hours and ten minutes, from which he concludes that the circumference does not exceed thirteen miles.

The circuit of the walls of Rome will bring into view specimens of every construction, from the days of Servius Tullius, down to the present. To save expense, Aurelian took into his walls whatever he found standing in their line; and they now include some remains of the Tullian wall, the wall of the Prætorian barracks, the facing of a bank, aqueducts, sepulchral monuments, a menagerie, an amphitheatre, a pyramid. Thus do they exhibit the uncemented blocks of the Etruscan style, the reticular work of the republic, the travertine preferred by the first emperors, the alternate tufo and brick employed by their successors, and that poverty of materials which marks the declining empire.

Since the first dreadful breach made by Totila, the walls have been often and variously repaired; sometimes by a case of brick-work, filled up with shattered marbles, rubble, shard, and mortar; in some parts, the cementitious work is unfaced; here you find stone and tufo mixed; there tufo alone, laid in the Saracenic manner: the latter repairs have been the brick revêtement of modern fortification.

The gates of Rome, at the present day, are sixteen in number, of which only twelve are open. The wall of Romulus had but three or four; and there has been much discussion among antiquaries as to their position. That of Servius had seven; but in the time of Pliny,—that is to say, in the middle of the first century, there were no less than thirty-seven gates to the city. The twelve gates at present in use correspond to some of the principal gates of former times; "their ancient names have been long the subject of contest,—very few are certain, and even to these few the antiquaries have superadded other names, as if on purpose to renew contentions." On the other hand, they assign the same name to very different gates. We cannot bring all the ancient ways to their respective gates; nor can we trace the transition of the same gate from the Tullian walls to those of Aurelian, which coincide but a short way. "How doubtful then," it may well be exclaimed, "must the three gates of Romulus be!"

Four of the twelve gates at present open are upon the Tuscan, or north-western side of Rome; and of these, the chief is the *Porta del Popolo*, already mentioned as corresponding nearly to the *Porta Flaminia*, and as the gate which admits the traveller from Florence into the city. It will content those who are not fastidious, says Sir John Hobhouse, although thought unworthy of Rome and of Michael Angelo; but "an entrance, not an arch of triumph, is sufficient for the modern capital." It leads directly into the *Piazza del Popolo*, an open irregular space, in the centre of which rises, between two fountains, an Egyptian obelisk, of granite, nearly eighty feet in height, and from the sides of which branch off three streets. The middle one is the *Corso*, the high-street of modern Rome; that on the right is the *Ripetta*, leading to the banks of the Tiber; and that on the left conducts to the *Piazza di Spagna*, the quarter of the hotels, below the Pincian hills.

Sir J. Hobhouse recommends the stranger, when within this gate, to ascend at once by the road winding up the Pincian mount, and enjoy from that eminence the view of a city "which, whatever may be the faults of its architectural details, is, when seen in the mass, incomparably the handsomest in the world. The pure transparent sky above

him will seem made, as it were, to give brilliancy to the magnificent prospect below. The new climate will, indeed, add much to his delight, for although amongst those branches of the Apennines, which approach within forty miles of the city, he may have been chilled by the rigours of a Lombard sky, he is no sooner in the plain of the Tiber, than his spirits expand in an atmosphere which in many seasons preserves an unsullied lustre and exhilarating warmth, from the rains of Autumn, to the tempests of the vernal equinox. What has been said and sung of the tepid Winter of Italy is not intelligible to the north of Rome."

On the Latin, or south-eastern side of Rome are eight gates, one of which is the *Porta San Paolo*, or gate of St. Paul, represented in our engraving in p. 128.

THE GATE OF ST. PAUL, AND THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS.

This gate, which is supposed to answer to the ancient *Porta Ostiensis*, is remarkable, not so much on its own account, as for many objects of interest which are to be seen in its neighbourhood. Of these, the most striking is the Pyramid of Cestius, as it is called, the only monument of the kind in Rome. It stands partly within, and partly without the circuit of the city, Aurelian having drawn the new line of his walls exactly across it. The form of the base is a square, each of whose sides is ninety-six feet in length, and its height is a hundred and twenty-one feet. The material of the structure is brick, cased with flags of marble a foot thick, which once was white, but has been blackened by age; and it rests on a base of travertine about three feet in height. A door cut in one of the sides leads to a chamber within, eighteen feet in length, twelve in breadth, and thirteen in height. The ceiling and walls are stuccoed, and on the stucco are some paintings still in tolerable preservation. They consist of a group of female figures, with vases and candelabra, and are supposed to indicate the sacred office of the deceased, whom an inscription teaches us to have been one of the septemvirs, or seven *epulones*, appointed to prepare the solemn votive banquets. The date of the erection of this pyramid is conjectured to be prior to the time of Augustus, though not much; an inscription informs us that it was finished, in pursuance of the will of the deceased, in three hundred and thirty days.

The structure was repaired in 1663, by order of Pope Alexander the Seventh, having become greatly dilapidated; by that time no less than fifteen feet of rubbish had accumulated above the base. "It is curious," says Simond, "to see how Nature, disappointed of her usual means of destruction by the pyramidal shape, goes to work another way. That very shape affording a better hold for plants, their roots have penetrated between the stones, and, acting like wedges, have lifted and thrown aside large blocks in such a manner, as to threaten the disjointed assemblage with entire destruction. In Egypt, the extreme heat and want of moisture during a certain part of the year, hinder the growth of plants in such situations; and in Africa alone are pyramids eternal.

It is undoubtedly singular, as Sir John Hobhouse remarks, that so little should be known of the two persons whose tombs were to survive those of so many illustrious names,—namely, Caius Cestius, whose monument we have been describing, and Cecilia Metella, in honour of whom was erected the noble tomb called, vulgarly, the *Capo di Bove*, or, "ox's head," on an eminence overlooking the circus of Caracalla. The former of these personages is as little famous as the latter; and his pyramid is no less conspicuous than her tower. "Oblivion, however, has been kind perhaps to one who has left no other present to posterity than this ambitious sepulchre; if, as there is reason to suspect, this Cestius, Tribune of the people, Prætor, and a Septemvir, is the same Cestius, a prætor and flatterer of the Augustan court, who was publicly scourged by order of Marcus Cicero the son, for having said that his father was unacquainted with literature." This explanation is, however, objected to by Dr. Burton.

Close to the Pyramid of Cestius is the Protestant burial-ground, which Mr. Rogers has dwelt upon with so much feeling. "When I am inclined to be serious," he says, "I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-

travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave. It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the Winter with violets; and the pyramid that overshadows it gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger among strangers. It has stood there till

the language spoken round about it has changed, and the shepherd born at the foot can read its inscription no longer."

The engraving below affords a view of the Pyramid of Cestius and of the interior of the Gate of St. Paul. The scene is such as may frequently be witnessed in the street of an Italian town, and will explain itself better than any lengthened description. The principal character is a quack, offering his *agnuses* for sale, and descanting to the credulous multitude upon the virtues which they have acquired by being rubbed against the sacred wax-figure displayed in the back-ground.



MODERN ROME—STREET-SCENE, NEAR THE GATE OF ST. PAUL.